**According to Plan**

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# According to Plan

by sourweather

Summary

Planned Sex never seemed like something that could be hot, until Will met Hannibal

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Согласно плану by Gays_Lover

For the majority of his life, Will Graham would've told you that Scheduled Sex was the saddest thing he'd ever heard of. The mere mention of the term 'sex night' conjures images in his mind of tired forty-somethings, stuck in loveless, stagnant marriages that only survived for the sake of children or financial comfort. Agreeing in advance to have sex seemed in his eyes to be a surrender, of sorts. Admitting that all passion and spontaneity was gone from the relationship.

Hannibal Lecter changes that opinion in eight words, each one a blow delivered directly to his gut as his husband is kissing him goodbye in the doorway.

"I'd like to suck your cock tonight, Will."

Will chokes, staring up at him in mute confusion. He nearly drops his tackle box. Hannibal just smiles.

"Is that alright with you, darling?"

"I—" he coughs, fumbling and flushed. Like he's a teenaged boy being propositioned for his first blow job, rather than a *very* sexually active married man. "Uh, yeah. Yes, that's... that's always alright with me, Han, I'm not going to say no to— yes."

Hannibal's smile only grows. "Wonderful. Have a good day, I'll have dinner ready when you get home."

It takes until Will has driven off of their property for his heart to regain its usual meter. It's silly, really. Hannibal has sucked him off dozens of times, if they haven't broken a hundred. And yet he's on edge during his entire fishing trip. Where he's usually completely focused on his task, his mind free to drift peacefully wherever it pleases, today Will can only think of Hannibal's mouth. About why he felt compelled to announce his intentions so many hours in advance. His mind builds variations, each more salacious than the last— will they have dinner first? Will it happen in the living room, the bedroom, the shower?

He's needy for it by the time he gets home, so eager to be pleasured by his husband that he's half hard when he opens the front door. It clearly doesn't escape Hannibal's notice, and he chuckles into Will's mouth when Will turns their chaste kiss hello into a heated meeting of lips and tongues.

Will nearly pouts at Hannibal's amusement. He scowls at Hannibal's kiss-swollen mouth, flushed and staring up at the other man through his lashes.

"Did you miss me, love?"

He huffs. "I always miss you," Will mumbles. "B-but I thought... well, you said that you were going to— um—"

Hannibal lifts a brow. "Are you that impatient?"

Will's cheeks are outright burning. "No, I wouldn't say that, but—"

"I was planning to wait until after dinner," he explains smoothly. Hannibal leans close, purring low in Will's ear. He shudders. "When you're retired on the sofa, with a glass of whiskey in hand. That was how I wanted to take you."

Will nearly melts, but then Hannibal is briskly pulling away. "But if you'd like to be satisfied now—"

This time it's Will's turn to interrupt. "No, your plan sounds good," he insists. "I just... might be a bit distracted during dinner, that's all."

Hannibal flashes his teeth. "Then let me say this: Dinner shall be worth the delay, and your pleasure shall be worth the wait."

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Hannibal was right, on both accounts. If anything, the knowledge of Hannibal's carefully laid plan only made the evening more exciting— anticipation bubbling in his blood with every passing moment. By the time Hannibal actually settled between Will's thighs, Will was nearly shivering with excitement, and after spending a day lying in wait his orgasm hit him like a train. He cursed and yanked on Hannibal's hair and clenched his fists so hard that his half-empty whiskey glass almost shattered in his hand.

Will decided that there were some benefits to scheduled sex, after all.

They still had plenty of unplanned, spur-of-the-moment encounters, but he felt a shiver run down his spine whenever he remembered Hannibal making good on his promise.

Hannibal is taking a day trip, the next time it happens. Visiting a few different spice markets in the area. Will offered to tag along even though he didn't particularly want to, and the other man had insisted that Will simply stay home and relax, which should have been his first clue that Hannibal had something planned.

Will watches him flip an omelet with a practiced flick of his wrist, not looking up at Will when he speaks.

"I'd like you to prepare yourself for me today, Will."

Will blinks but says nothing. Hannibal finally glances up at him, just for a moment, then smiles down at the pan.

"I should arrive home just before five o'clock, this afternoon. My ideal course of events would be coming home, putting away my purchases and having a drink to clear my head. Afterwards, I'd like to make my way to the bedroom and find you naked, clean, loosened, and lubrcated so that I can fuck you however I see fit."

Hannibal has delivered his entire list of instructions in the same way he explains vacation itineraries— no clear excitement aside from the evident thought that has gone into this. He doesn't smile when he looks up at Will, sliding his breakfast across the kitchen counter. Will's apetite is long gone.

"You mentioned before that my lack of specificity left you anxious," he notes. "Is that detailed enough for you?"

It's an honest question. It's also an obvious tease. Will swallows hard, trying to keep from panting like a dog.

"It's very... very detailed, thank you."

Hannibal tilts his head. "Does that all sound alright with you, love? This is your only chance to alter my plan."

He shivers. This is his chance. After that, the plan is locked in place. He tries to think.

"I'll be on my hands and knees, when you get home," he breathes, his heart pounding in his mouth. "I'd like you to take me from behind, if you don't have your own preference."

Hannibal smiles at that. It's the very particular smile that he shows when Will had exceeded his expectations. "Perfect. I'm looking forward to it," he replies, as polite as ever, and Will feels like he's just ran a marathon when he chokes out a rough 'Yeah. Me too.'

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Hannibal is *not* polite when his plan comes to pass. He makes Will wait longer than he'd anticipated, evidently luxuriating in the thought of Will's growing desperation as he sips his wine. Will is grinding into the sheets by the time Hannibal strides into the room, his wet cock aching for release. Hannibal doesn't even speak when he enters, just tugs at the base of the plug in Will's ass. Will hears him chuckle softly at his answering yelp, and the rest is a blur of screaming, long-awaited pleasure.

He's becoming addicted to waiting. There isn't a sweeter torture, not for someone with Will's imagination. He spent the entire day feeling eager and aroused, waiting for Hannibal to come home and give him his thick cock. It's exciting, but also oddly comforting. Structured.

He spends the next two weeks plagued by constant daydreams. Ideas for what Hannibal could have him do next, what commands would go straight to his cock. What Hannibal might like best.

When he eventually realizes what Hannibal would like more than anything else, he spends the entire night smiling. Ready to set the idea into effect.

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"I'd like you to make a choice, Hannibal."

He only pauses for a moment, nimble fingers halting on the half-done knot of his tie, but Will knows him well enough to see it. Even such a small sign of surprise feels like a massive victory in the face of Hannibal Lecter.

Hannibal makes eye contact with Will through their bedroom mirror, admiring how Will's still naked body is draped across the sheets while Hannibal gets dressed.

"And what choice is that, my love?"

"You'll have two options," Will says, stretching languidly and giving his husband an eyeful of his body. "But they both have the same ideal end result."

Hannibal lifts a brow and Will grins mischievously.

"I'd like you to make me cry," he purrs, and Hannibal's eyes turn dark. "Tonight. Regardless of your choice, I want to be begging by the end."

"I can do that," Hannibal says, and Will takes great satisfaction in the way his lip twitches upwards in a slight snarl.

"I also want you to tie me up. Bind me. And don't stop until I'm in tears. You can come however you want— inside me, on my face, in my mouth. I'm not picky."

"Anything else?"

Will's eyes are dark now, too. "Yes. Don't tell me what you choose. I want to spend today thinking about it, waiting to see what you pick. Is that alright?"

Hannibal turns on his heel, crawling up the bed to loom over Will's lax body. He's fierce like this, clearly roaring with pleasure at this plan. "You'll be taken entirely by surprise, I swear it," he growls. "What is my choice?"

Will lifts himself on his elbows, catching Hannibal in a deep, heated kiss.

"I want to be begging in the end," Will reiterates. "Your choice is whether I'll be begging you to finally let me come, or begging you to finally *stop* making me come."

Whatever brown was left in Hannibal's eyes gets swallowed by pupil. He darts in again, nips at Will's lips and licks behind Will's teeth. "You are extraordinary," he breathes, ragged. "It will be a difficult decision, but I'll choose by nightfall."

Will smirks, the heat of anticipation already warming his stomach. "Can't wait."

End Notes

which choice do you think Hannibal picked??? let me know, maybe I'll write a part 2 someday ;)

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